"Off like a flish!" answered De

sudden blow struck Brindle to the

ground and the loop came away un-

"Come again!" commented Bud,

and as the womenfolk and idlers came

rushing to see what had happened he

"Look out, you ugly man's dog!" he

His Hand to His Six-Shooter.

ing back a series of joyous yips.

that has kept me from feeling glad.

crouched and lay quiet like rabbits.

Along the sides of the rocky hills,

where the peons had their mud-and-

rock houses, mothers came anxiously

to open doors; and as they jogged

along up the river the Chinese gar-

and eddy of the storm-washed creek-

bed, stopped grubbing to gaze at them

ters stand between us now."

antics.

and came back like a streak of light.

catgut on Brindle.

his saddle.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE "The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Texicon," Etc. Illustrations by Don J. Lavin

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Cadaden Bud meets Heary Kruger, a weathy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire tiffe to a very rich mine which Kruger had allown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unaccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and Le Lancey arrive at Fortuna near where the nilne known as the Eagle Tall, is focated. They engage the services of Crug Mendez, who has been friendly to Kruger, to acquire the title for them and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumpins his to acquire the title for them and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumping his claim. Bud discovers that matrimonial contanglements make it impossible for Mendez to secure a valid title to the land. Phil, who has become interested in Aragon's daughter, Gracia, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own "And". And

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

Undoubtedly, in his own way, he unfelgned surprise.

I go to a dance, with a girl without you jumping down my throat?"

'W'y, sure you can!" rumbled Bud, now hot with a new indignation; "but after getting me to go into this deal against my will and swearing me to some damn-fool pledge, the first thing you do is to make friends with Aragon and then make love to his daughter. Is that your idea of helping things along? D'ye think that's the way a pardner ought to act? No, I tell you, it is not!'

Aw, Bud," protested De Lancey plaintively, "what's the matter with you? Be reasonable, old man; I never meant to hurt your feelings!"

"Hurt my feelings!" echoed Hooker scornfully. "Huh, what are we down here for, anyway-a Sunday school picnic? My feelings are nothing, and they can wait; but we're sitting on a mine that's worth a million dollars mebbe-and it ain't ours, either-and when you throw in with old Aragon and go to making love to his daughter you know you're not doing right! That's all there is to it-you're doing me and Kruger dirt!"

"Well, Bud,' said De Lancey with mock gravity, "if that's the way you feel about it I won't do it any more!" "I wish you wouldn't," breathed Bud, raising his head from his hands; "it sure wears me out, Phil, worrying

"Well, then, I won't do it," protested Phil sincerely, "So that's settled-now who's going to turn Mexican citizen?" "Suit yourself," said Bud listlessly.

Lancey, diving into his pocket for selves-and say, Bud, when I told her to Mr. Aragon, all right!" money. "Don't need to," responded Bud;

you can do what you please "No; I'll match you!" persisted Phil. "That was the agreement-whenever



She Gave Me Her Hand and Away We Went.

it was an even break we'd let the af I match you I'll become the Mexican citizen. All set? Let 'er go!" He flipped the coin into the air and

at it. "What you got?"

"Heads!" answered Bud, and Phil chucked his money into the air again and laughed as it dropped into his

"Heads she is again!" he cried, showing the Mexican eagle; "I never did see the time when I couldn't match you, anyway. So now, old socks, you can keep right on being a Texan and hating Mexicans like horny toads, and I'll denounce the Engle Tail the minmear the Aragon outfit unless you're with me-is that a go? All right, shake hands on it, pard! I wouldn't quarrel with you for anything!"

'Aw, that's all right," mumbled Bud, rising and holding out his hand. "I knowed you didn't mean nothing." He gat down again after that and gazed Mendez! And I want you to step drearly out the door.

"Say, Rud," began Phil, his eyes sparkling with amusement, "I've got the agente mineral today," suggested Sast night. If I didn't put the crusher De Lancey suavely. "If he on Mr. Felia Luna and Manuel del the trouble he would not—" Wow! I sure wished you were

"This Felix Luns is the son of an servant to the mining agent yesterday car that would take her where sne old sugar planter down in the hot countries and he reported that the permit had wanted to go.

Forty minutes later she stepped in a few car and the city.

conceited, swelled-up little squirts you

and yet the old man kind of favors him "But this Manuel del Rey is the captain of the rurales around here and a Aragon, as he chewed bitterly on his genuine Mexican fire-eater-all buckskin and fierce mustachios, and smells thing-even our government. So you and then, amid a chorus of indignant like chill peppers and garlic-and the are a Mexican citizen, eh? You must two of 'em were having it back and value this barren mine very highly to

with Gracia. can dance-everybody is supposed to sneered. be introduced to everybody else-and off, I stepped in close and looked at the first-but I will fool him yet!

me! The biggest brown eyes you ever the full price of your citizenship. Be was such hair! She was fanning her appeal now to your consul at Gadswas in love-but he would never ad self real slow, and in the language of den-you are only a Mexican! Very mit it, that he knew, too. So he sank the fan that means: "This don't inter- well!" down on the blankets and swore harshest me a bit! So, just to show her I ly, while De Lancey stared at him in | was wise, I pulled out my handkerchief and dropped it on the floor, and Well, then," he went on, taking when she saw me she stopped and be-Bud's answer for granted, "what're gan to count the ribs in her fan. That, government! But let me tell you some you making such a row about? Can't was my cue—it meant she wanted to thing, Senor Mexicano! An American speak with me-so I stepped up and sald:

"Excuse me, senorita, but while your mother, will permit-perhaps we can enjoy a dance?

"And say, Bud, you should have seen the way she rose to it. The girl is a sport, believe me, and the idea of those sat out the dance didn't appeal to her away we went, with all the old ladies talking behind their fans and Manuel for the pushing foreigner showing in del Rey blowing up like a volcano in a bunch of carambas or worse. Gee, it was great, and she could dance like a queen.

"But here's the interesting part of two!" it-what do you think she asked me, after we'd had our little laugh? Well, you don't need to get so grouchy about -she asked about you!"

"Yes, she did! So you see what you get for throwing her down!" 'What did she ask?"

"Well, she asked"-here he stopped cowboy!"

"No!" cried Bud, pleased in spite of himself; "what does she know about cowboys?"

"Oh, she's wise!" declared Phil; Yes, sir, she's just like an American girl and speaks English perfectly. She "I'll match you for it!" proposed De men-they were too stuck on them and you'll find it out. Well, we're hep you were a genuine Texas cowboy, what do you think she said?"

did she say?"

"She said she'd like to know you!" "She did not!" came back Bud with idden spirit.

Then he laughed the thought away. great burden seemed to be lifted from his heart, and he found himself happy again.

CHAPTER X.

To an American, accustomed to getng things done first and talking about t afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism. the polite evasiveness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon denly, as the last day of their mining horses and go in for a little time!" permit passed by and there was no ecord of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail on his favorite horse, they were clat. I rode down the street? Maybe there's mine with a pistol in his belt and a tering down the canyon. At the turn been some insurrectos through. But riumphant sneer on his lips,

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!" "Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their tent and beds, "and your low, pelado Mexican-and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No, mey talk. Here's your quarter-and not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain. "Nothing! Only go!"

"No. senor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung "Heads!" he called, without looking low by his leg and stepping forward, we will not go!"

"What?" stormed Aragon, "you-" "Be careful there!" warned Bud. suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers. "If you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence. "You must not think, Senor Aragon," he began, speaking with a cer-

tain bitterness, "that you can carry tute the time is up. And I won't go your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men stir he will kill them. But there is a law in this as well as under the cloak of a country for every man-what is it that you want?" "I want this mining claim," shouted

Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundre aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

De Lancey suavely. "If he had taken "Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavallerly; "I sent my

I am now a Mexican citizen, like your- out his loop, "and I'll try to put the "You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment; and then,

finding himself tricked, he turned sud- flery bay, he went dashing down the denly upon one of his retainers and street, scattering chickens and hogs struck him with his whip. "Son of a goat!" he stormed. "Pig! Is this the way you obey my orders?" But though he raved and scolded, he he twirled his loop once and laid it had gone too far, and there was no skilfully across the big brindle's back.

putting the blame on his servant. In But roping dogs is a difficult task at his dealre to humillate the hated gringos he had thrown down all his guards, and even De Lancey saw all too clearwhat his intentions in the matter filled. The Texan laughed, shifting in

"Spare your cursing, Senor Aragon, he said, "and after this," he added, leaning sidewise as he colled his rope, ever saw in your life he's the limit, "you can save your pretty words, too somebody else. We shall re-

main here and hold our property."
"Ha! You Americans!" exclaimed defeat. "You will rob us of everyforth as to who got the next dance give up the protection of your govern- the fence. Then, with no harm done, ment. But perhaps you are acquainted he rode back up the street, smiling "Well, you know how it is at a Mexi- with a man named Kruger?" he amiably and looking for more dogs to

"He would sell his honor any time when I saw those two young turkey- to defraud a Mexican of his rights, gon, pale with fury, but Bud appeared cocks talking with their hands and and I doubt not it was he who sent eyebrows and everybody else backing you here. Yes, I have known it from

"Se you are a Mexican citizen, Senor "And she's some girl, too, believe De Lancey? Bien, then you shall pay saw in your life, a complexion like fore our law you are now no more than cream, and hair-well, there never that poor pelado, Mendez. You cannot

> He shrugged his shoulders and smiled significantly.

"No," retorted De Lancey angrily; "you are right-I cannot appeal to my needs no government to protect himhe has his gun, and that is enough!"

"Yes,' added Bud, who had caught the gentlemen talk-and if the senora, the drift of the last, "and he has his friends, too; don't forget that!" He strode over toward Aragon and menaced him with a threatening finger.

"If anything happens to my friend, he hissed, "you will have me to whip! two novios chewing the rag while she And now, senor," he added, speaking sat out the dance didn't appeal to her in the idiom of the country, "go with at all. So she gave me her hand and God—and do not come back!" "Pah!" spat back Aragon, his hate

every glance; "I will beat you yet! And I pray God the revoltosos come this way, if they take the full half of my cattle-so long as they get you

"Very well," nodded Bud as Aragon and his men turned away, "but be careful you do not send any!"

"Good!" he continued, smiling grimly at the pallid Phil; "now we got him where we want him-out in the open. And I'll just remember them four paisanos he had with him-they're his handy men, the boys with nerve-and and laughed-"she asked if you were a don't never let one of 'em catch you out after dark." De Lancey sat down on a rock and

wiped his face.

"Heavens, Bud," he groaned, "I never would have believed it of him-"she's been to school twice in Los I thought he was on the square. But Angeles and seen the wild west show, it just goes to prove the old sayingevery Mexican has got a streak of yellow in him somewhere. All you've told me she didn't like the Mexican got to do is to trust him long enough

"I never seen one of these polite, Movioana "W'y, I don't know," answered Bud. Bud sagely, "that wasn't crooked. And smiling broadly in anticipation; "what this feller Aragon is mean, to boot. But that's a game," he added, "that two can play at. I don't know how you feel, Phil, but we been kinder creeping and slipping around so long that I'm all cramped up inside. Never suffered more in my life than the last sixty days-being polite to that damn Mexi-Now it's our turn. Are you

"Count me in!" cried De Lancey, rising from his rock. "What's the deners, working in each separate nook

"Well, we'll go into town pretty soon," grinned Bud, "and if I run inquiringly. across old Aragon, or any one of them four bad Mexicans, I'm going to make them chinks?" observed Bud, when his a show. And as for that big brindle dog of his-well, he's sure going to get roped and drug if he don't mend dogs! Whole country seems to be on had smiled and smiled and then, sud his ways. Come on, let's ketch up our the rubber neck. Must be something

> "I'll go you!" agreed Phil with en thusiasm, and half an hour later, each | notice how those peons scattered when of the trail, where it swung into the say-listen!" Aragon lane, Bud took down his rope and smiled in anticipation.

"You go on ahead," he said, shaking | wind from the direction of Fortuna.

doing."



COURTESY ALL TOO SCARCE helplessly about, a workingman *hose Cleveland Man Set Fine Example the Duty of a Gentleman to

the Fair Sex. The youthful Walter Raleigh spreading his velvet cloak on muddy walk for his queen to pass, is a pleasant historical picture: But the heart of a courteous gentleman may beat under the blouse of a workingman

courtier. Last November the city of Cleveland, O., was cut off from the outer world by the worst storm of wind and sleet and snow in its history. Traction lines and railways were tied up for several days. Four days after the storm, a woman reached Cleveland to visit her sister. She knew that the cars were not yet running on the line she wished to take, and

so she took a car on another line that

would take her to the city limits,

where she hoped to connect with a car that would take her where she try somewhere. He got run out by inpaed."

Forty minutes later she stepped that the permit had wanted to go.

Forty minutes later she stepped heart should carry its beaded words of the revoltours and now be's up here "if he had taken the pains to introduce the car at the edge of the city. Between her and the curbatons a wide of heavenly favor let down the shewer perfumed with the heart's gratitude.

And all that junk. Well, sir, of all the found that one has been issued to me.

hair was touched with gray left a group on the sidewalk, waded out to the miasma and heat, her and said: "Madam, you don't know me, and I don't know you, but if you'll let me, I'll be glad to help you to the sidewalk." She thanked him, and he took her suitcase to the curb. splashed back, and taking her up in his arms, waded with her to the walk. There he put her down dry-shod, carried her suitcase into a near-by store. and told her he would tell her when tecs had been turned aside by them in her car came; for he was also waiting for it.

Two hours later he waded with the suit case to the long-delayed car, returned, and splashed once more through the stream of melting snow as he carried her to the step. he said: "I hope you'll be all right," and took a place at the opposite end of the car.-Youth's Companion

As the flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edge of the petals, and ready to fall at the first wart of wind or brush of wing of bird, so the

day before yesterday, and-well, look Lancey, and, putting the spurs to his at that!"

"Soldiers!" he said. "Now where did they come from? I was in Fortuna

From the point of the hill just ahead of them a line of soldiers came into view, marching two abreast, with a in all directions. Behind came Bud, rolling fovially in his saddle, and as ounted officer in the lead. the dogs rushed out after his pardner

"Aha!" exclaimed Bud with convic tion; "they've started something down below. This is that bunch of federals that we saw drilling up at Agua Nebest, and Bud was out of practise. The gra." "Yep," admitted De Lancey regret-

fully; "I guess you're right for oncethe open season for rebels has begun," They drew out of the road and let them pass—a long, double line of shabby infantrymen, still wearing their last year's straw hats and summer unlforms and trudging along in flapping sandals.

turned Copper Bottom in his tracks In front were two men bearing lanerns, to search out the way by night; slatternly women, the inevitable campshouted, whirling his rope as he rode; followers, trotted along at the sides with their bundles and babies; and as protests, he chased the yelping Brindle the little brown men from Zacatecas, down the lane and through a hole in each burdened with his heavy gun and a job lot of belts and packs, shuffled patiently past the Americans, they flashed the whites of their eyes and rumbled a chorus of "Adios!" In the door of the store stood Ara-

"Adios, Americanos!" they called gazing enviously at their fine horses, and Phil in his turn touched his hat

and wished them all Godspeed. "Poor devils!" he murmured, as the last tottering camp-followers, laden with their burdens, brought up the rear and a white-skinned Spanish officer saluted from his horse; "what do those little pelones know about liberty and justice, or the game that is being played? Wearing the same unlforms that they had when they fought for Diaz, and now they are fighting for Madero. Next year they may be working for Orozco or Huerta or Salazar.' "Sure," muttered Bud; "but that ain't the question. If they's rebels in the hills, where do we get off?"

CHAPTER XI.

The plaza at Fortuna, ordinarily so penceful and sleepy, was alive with hurrying men when Bud and Phil reached town. Over at the station a pecial engine was wheezing and blowng after its heavy run and, from the rain of commandeered ore cars behind, a swarm of soldiers were leaping to the ground. On the porch of the hotel Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was making violent signals with his hands, and as they rode up he hurried out to meet them.

"My gracious, boys," he cried, "it's a No, Senor," Said Hooker, Dropping good thing you came into town! Bernardo Bravo has come over the mounnot to see him. His eyes were turned tains and he's marching to take, Mocteguma!"

rather toward the house where, on the "Why, that doesn't make any differedge of the veranda, Gracia Aragon ence to us!" answered Phil. "Mocte-zuma is eighty miles from here—and and her mother stood staring at his look at all the soldiers. How many "Good morning to you, ladies!" he saluted, taking off his sombrero with men has Bernardo got?"

"Well, that I do not know," responda flourish; "lovely weather, ain't it?" ed Don Juan; "some say more and And with his tongue in his cheek and a roguish glance at Aragon, who was some less, but if you boys hadn't come struck dumb by this last effrontery, he in I would have sent a man to fetch you. Just as soon as a revolution bewent rollicking after his pardner, sendgins the back country becomes unsafe "Now that sure does me good," he for Americans. Some of these low characters are likely to murder you if confided to Phil, as they rode down they think you have any money." between cottonwoods and struck into "Well, we haven't," put in Bud; "but the muddy creek. "No sense in it, but

we've got a mine-and we're going to it gets something out of my system keep it, too." "Aw, Bernardo Bravo hasn't got any Did you see me bowing to the ladies? men!" scoffed Phil; "I bet this is a Some class to that bow-no? You want to look out-I got my eye on that false alarm. He got whipped out of

his boots over in Chihuahua last fall. gal, and I'm sure a hard one to head. Only thing is, I wouldn't like the old and he's been up in the Sierra Madres ever since. Probably come down to man for a father-in-law the way mat-He laughed boisterously at this wit-"Why, Don Juan, Bud and I lived ticism, and the little Mexican children, playing among the willows,

right next to a trail all last year and if we'd listened to one-tenth of the revoltoso stories we heard we wouldn't have taken out an ounce of gold. I'm going to get my denouncement papers tomorrow, and I'll bet you we work that mine all summer and never know the difference. These rebels won't hurt you any, anyhow!"

"No! Only beg a little grub!" added Bud scornfully. "Come on, Phil; let's go over and look at the soldiers—it's that bunch of Yaquis we saw up at Agua Negra."

"Wonder what's the matter with They tied their horses to the rack happiness had ceased to effervesce: and leaving the solicitous Don Juan to "they sit up like a village of prairie sputter, hurried over to the yard, From the heavy metal ore cars, each a rolling fortress in itself, the last of the active Yaquis were helping out their "That's right," agreed Phil: "did you women and pet dogs, while the rest, talking and laughing in high spirits, were strung out along the track in a

perfunctory line. He stopped his horse, and in the If the few officers in command had ever attempted to teach them military silence a bugle-call came down the discipline, the result was not appar ent in the line they formed; but any man who looked at their swarthy faces, the hawklike profiles, and deepset, steady eyes, would know that they were fighters.

After all, a straight line on parade has very little to do with actual warfare and these men had proved their worth under fire.

To be sure, it was the fire of Mexican guns, and perhaps that was why the officers were so quiet and unassertive; for every one of these big, upstanding Indians had been captured in result of the long drought. The local the Yaqui wars and deported to the henequen fields of Yucatan to die in

But they had come from a hardy breed and the whirligig of fortune was flying fast-Madero defeated Porfirio fresh revolutions broke out Diaz: against the victor and, looking about in desperation for soldiers to fill his ranks, Madero fell upon the Yaquis. Trained warriors for generations, of

a race so fierce that the ancient Aztheir empire-founding migration, they were the very men to whip back the rebels, if he could but win them to his side.

So Madero had approached Chief Bule, whom Diaz had taken under a flag of truce, and soon the agreement was made. In return for faithful service, Mexico would give back to the Indians the one thing they had been fighting a hunrded and sixty years to attain, their land along the Rio Yaqui; and there they should be permitted to live in peace as their ancestors had done before them.

And so, with a thousand or mo his men, the crafty old war chief had taken service in the federal army, though his mind, poisoned perhaps by the treachery he had suffered, was not CTO BE CONTINUED.

Happenings of Interest throughout

MISSOURI

SAVANNAH .- R. B. Coffey, a dry goods merchant, charged with the murder of Mrs. Myrtle Fancher, wife of a retired farmer, was bound over to the November term of the circuit

POPLAR BLUFF .- Poplar Bluff will hold a business men-farmers gettogether celebration Aug. 27. There will be a parade, band concerts, barbecue and speaking at the park. All business houses will close.

POPLAR BLUFF.-The parish of the Catholic church has awarded the contract for the construction of a twostory brick building in Poplar Bluff, to be used for a parochial school, at a cost of \$20,000.

KIRKSVILLE .-- Mrs. Clinton Halliday suffered injuries from which she dled, and her husband and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gillespie, all of Kirksville, were hurt when their automobile was demolished by a Wabash passenger train.

LOUISIANA .- Charles A. ("Tott") Ball of Canton, Mo., traveling representative of an advertising company, was found dead from the effects of

chloroform, probably self-inflicted. POPLAR BLUFF .- Rev. W. M. Baker, for the last six years pastor of the Christian church, has offered his resignation, to take effect Sent. 20, and has accepted a call from the church of Keokuk, Ia.

ST. LOUIS .- Mrs. Emma Born, 42 years old, applied a match to her clothing after saturating it with kerosens, in an attempt to end her life. She was taken to the city hospital suffering from serious burns.

SPRINGFIELD .- The harvesting of this year's peach crop in the Ozark regions of Missourl and Arkansas has closed. The Frisco railroad handled a total of 180 cars, against 1,356 cars last season.

SPRINGFIELD.—The Master House Painters and Decorators of Missouri closed their third annual convention by selecting St. Louis for the meeting place next year and electing new of

COLUMBIA .- Fired with an intense desire to serve England in her need, Prof. Basil D. Gauntlett of Columbia, nationally known as a concert planist, is either in London or on his way there to enlist. NEW LONDON .- The Ralls county

fair has been postponed until Sept. 29 and 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. The fair usualy is held about the last of July. deferred the date a month. JEFFERSON CITY-It is estimated

that 150,000 men actively participated in the work on the roads of the state on the two days (Aug. 18-19) set apart by Gov. Major in a recent document. Much work hitherto neglected was accomplished and our highways are growing better. HANNIBAL,-Mrs. Sarah Adkins, 94

years old, is dead at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Lulu Walker. Mrs. Adkins was engaged in the hotel good old Parson Bagster, glaring business for many years. Her husband had been dead 43 years. HANNIBAL.-Rev. C. V. Page, pas

E. Morris. The bride is a former teacher in the Hannibal public schools CANTON.—Earle M. Todd has been named president of Christian university to succeed Carl Johann, president

Green, Mo., was married to Miss Nona

BUTLER .- A terrific wind, dust and rain storm of considerable duration passed over Bates county last week. Trees, wires, the big chautauqua tent and small buildings were blown down and many were injured.

SEDALIA .-- Miss Elizabeth Parsons. daughter of Judge and Mrs. A. O. Parsons, and A. R. Berglund, both of this eloped and were married at Belleville, III.

POPLAR BLUFF .- Arrangements have been made by the commercial less they know it's very far away." club of this city to have farmers throughout the county visit Poplar Bluff Aug. 27, the last of the three "get together" days.

SPRINGFIELD.-The flery exhaust of a motorcycle on which she was riding with a man caused the dress of Julia Jerome to be ignited and inflicted severe burns on her limbs in front of the Sansone hotel

SPRINGFIELD. - Springfield threatened with a water famine as a water company announced that unless rain comes this week it will be com-pelled to limit the consumption of water to strictly necessary purposes.

AUXVASSE .- Gov. Elliott W. Ma jor is scheduled to deliver the principal address at the annual reunion of Confederate veterans at Camp Jackson, three miles southwest of Auxvasse, Aug. 27 and 28.

MARYVILLE .- The State Normal here had to curtail the summer session owing to a lack of water. Fear of fire has demanded its conservation The laundries will be forced to close, and the ice plant has gone out of business. The bakeries are hauling water for their use. SPRINGFIELD.-Prof. R. A. Brun

of the University of Iowa, left Spring-

field on a six weeks' hike through

southwest Missouri and northern Arkansas to collect geological and bo-tanical specimens and to obtain photographic views of the Ozarks. WEBB CITY.-James Busten of Carterville and J. McLadd of Joplin were killed instantly and Charles

the surface, when a slab fell at the Schoolhouse mine, north of Carter-

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Weber Imp. & Auto Co., 1900 Locust st., St. Louis WAS WAITING FOR REAL HEAT

At 114 in the Shade, Farmer Didn't

See Necessity for Shortening Hours of Labor in the Field. A St. Louisian who responded to the Macedonian cry for help from the

Kansas wheat fields tells this story: "The farmer told us we were to work ten hours a day, but that when it got hot he would knock off an hour. One day, after we had been out in the blazing sun until we were panting for breath, we came in to dinner to find the mercury up to 114. We thought but the directors several months ago, the farmer would say something about short hours that afternoon, but he didn't. As we started out to work I said to him:

'One hundred and fourteen in the shade!

"'Yes,' he answered. 'Do you feel it much? "'No.' I said. 'I don't mind it particularly; but when does it get hot out here?'

Snapping It Back.

"Bruddren and sistas," severely said ominiously at his congregation, "mo" dan one pusson widin de sound o' muh voice pay 50 cents to go to de circus tomor' dat wouldn't dig up a single tor of a Methodist church at Bawling dime to he'p out de revival dat, as de yumble inst'ument in de hands o' de Lawd, I was conductin' last week!"

"Well, sah," replied Jim Dinger, the gambling man, who seemed to think the ministerial gaze was directed at him, "de revival had only one clown, for 12 years, who resigned because of whilst de circus advitises twenty."-Puck.

No Chance for Him.

William Dean Howells is the president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and in Mr. Howells' presence in Boston one day a novelist of the "best seller' type had the bad taste to ridicule our "imitation French academy," as he called it. Mr. Howells listened to the novelist

with his good-natured smile, and then,

"Our American academy is like

with his good-natured laugh, he said:

death. People never joke about it un-Punished. "Husky stole a pair of shoes." "Did de cops pinch him?"

"No, but de shoes did." Dallas, Tex., water plant is valued

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